

OREGON DAILY EMERALD

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Talking Vacation Turkey...

FALL term schedules doubled up to a semi-jackknife Wednesday afternoon, but not without reason. There will be no Armistice holiday—but there will be none on the fighting lines, either. There will be one day for Thanksgiving, and many thanks that the University generation of this year can offer. Examinations strike December 9, end December 12. Winter registration is December 28.

Real reason for the remodeled program is request from railroad associations across the nation which will deal with double and triple traffic to transport service men home for Christmas. The revised schedule is a compromise, which will clear travel lanes by a requested December 15 deadline. The return trip for winter registration will fall between the soldier, sailor and marine rush—a good four days before New Year.

Thanksgiving on the campus is an opportunity, not a setback. The home fires will burn, but they will be campus fires. Thanksgiving 1942 will be served in war-style, but this year as we hear of new alums who meet death on fighting fronts, it is even more a day of thanks. On the campus a new mode Thanksgiving turkey will be served a la war-style. And of that there will be more tomorrow.

Three Winners...

THREE national presidents of national journalistic organizations in one year is Oregon's latest record. Harry S. Schenk, assistant professor of journalism and manager of the Oregon Newspaper Publishers' association, returns from the east as national head of the Newspaper Managers' association. His name becomes a big third in the combination of E. Palmer Holt, '23, publisher of the Oregonian, national president of Sigma Delta Chi, and W. F. G. Thacher, professor of English, national president of Alpha Delta Sigma. It completes Oregon's "corner" on the journalistic presidential market.

Forging a Link...

WITH the dispersion of University of Oregon students and alumni to all corners of the earth, came a new problem for University officials and well-wishers—that of keeping an active interest in the campus, by remote control.

Realizing this problem, various agencies of the University have tried to remedy it by seeing that the men in the service keep their contact alive through the University publications.

The latest step in this direction was taken Tuesday when Mortar Board announced the mailing of copies of Old Oregon, the alumni magazine, to all our men in overseas service. Now our alums on the many battlefields of this war can receive news of what is going on at the University—what is happening to the other members of their classes.

ALREADY many copies of the Emerald go to men in the service, many of whom have left the campus only recently, and are therefore interested in day-to-day news and stories of their friends who are still in school.

Next year, if present plans succeed, any man in the Army can go to his Division library and find there a copy of the 1943 Oregonian wherein he will find the story of the whole year at Oregon. Men in the Navy and Marines stationed at the larger training centers may also have this privilege.

Thus Mortar Board announces a link in the bond which will bring the Webfoots home after the war.—J.W.S.

Ad Lib

Mo' Campus Cats

By JOHN J. MATHEWS

Only the corpse of Art Holman's mob was on hand at the beginning of this term to fill the crying need for campus bands. Against a backdrop that had once set off the orks of Ted Hallock, Hal Hardin, Ray Dickson, and their rivals, remained only a cadaver. ("As ever was," T. H. would say.)

Already, though, we've seen Eddie Johnson and George Carey come up with more than presentable outfits, and Available Dickson is rumored to be dreaming up a little quartet. This is a praiseworthy response to Dick Williams' plea for lads with talent and energy to meet a real demand. Nice going.

A few words about this Carey combo.

Biggest credits must go to Bob Hays and Wally Heider, the arrangers. Wally has been writing reet stuff for these many years, missing acclaim only because the outfits under his, and later Gale Quinn's, name lacked what it takes to turn the little black notes into music. As for Hays, he only performs on tram and alto besides penning arrangements, after having had his own band in Portland.

Standout performers for the Carey-owned ork are Herb Widmer, ex-Wes Lang tenor man, and Johnny Reitz from the trumpet section.

Admittedly a lot of us were dreaming of the terrific team of Nelson - Fortmiller - Kasmeyer during the sock choruses last Saturday eve, but the only real weakness in the band is rhythm. I'll lay my Slingerlands against your old C-melody that, if Ed Johnson had dropped his bass, One o'Clock Jump would have hit a strictly solid minuet beat. And, since Brother Johnson is not signed to play steadily with Carey's men, it looks vedda, vedda much like a hurry-up call to fill the tubs and doghouse spots.

I remind Carey—in case he doesn't know already—that Hal Hardin, for whom many a chomp! chomp! has been uttered, is on liberty, and can do the bass work to perfection, besides being a first-rate arranger.

Altogether Carey's heavily-booked property should be a complete success. A couple more jobs together, and there is little reason why the campus should not hear some mighty fine music from them. Here's wishing them the best.

Mildred Wilson Spys...

Richard L. Neuberger

Ten years ago Richard L. Neuberger, '35, was editor of the Emerald. Last week's Saturday Evening Post's lead article concerning "The Mail Carrier of Hell's Canyon," was written by this outstanding Oregon freelance writer and neophyte legislator.

Neuberger's career has been marked by stormy controversy, criticism, dissent and a driving energy on his part. Results of this energy combined with pure hard work are evident in each month's crop of magazines. Articles in the Post, Colliers, Forum and many other leading magazines attest to grasp on current affairs and an unusual writing ability.

Within seven years after leaving college he has published a book, "Our Promised Land" and collaborated on two others, "Integrity—The Story of George W. Norris" with George Kahn, and "An Army of the Aged" with Kelley Loe.

After some controversy, during his University days, regarding a particularly pointed series of edits, adversaries of Neuberger circulated a petition urging his ousting as Emerald editor. Ignoring the matter (seemingly) he circulated a counter-petition suggesting that engineers be instructed to toot the theme of "Mighty Oregon" as trains passed the campus.

In his opening editorial in 1932 Dick Neuberger, the first (and last) sophomore to hold the post of Emerald editor, wrote, "If the Emerald is opposed to something it will say so. The fear of criticism or opposition will not deter it from crusading provided it believes its crusade justified."

These words opened an era of "personal" journalism in the Emerald and those who remember fleshy, ruddy-faced Dick Neuberger agree that he proceeded without fear of criticism—to both good ends and ill-advised ones.

Politics have occupied a share of Neuberger's time—during one period he served as vice-chairman of the election committee for Oregon.

At present Neuberger, a second lieutenant, is with the army public relations department in Alaska handling publicity concerning the new highway under construction. This temporary removal from a field allowing editorial opinion has prevented anything explosive appearing from the Alaskan news front.

But with Neuberger you never can tell.

Jesse Moon, Scholar, Will Teach Some Day

By TEX GOODWIN

Stocky and determined Jesse Moon, 30, has been a long time going to school but this time he says it's for keeps. A sophomore in social science preparing for a career in teaching, Moon is carrying 12 hours and supporting his wife and four children and enjoying it immensely.

His unconventional career began deep in the Belgian Congo, where he was born during one of those thatch-busting tropical storms, and includes a trip back to the states when he was three months old. Since children born on the equator are not expected to survive, his missionary parents brought him to Castlerock, Washington, to stay with his grandparents.

In his own words, "I was just a tramp logger after I finished high school, following the logging woods from job to job."

Moon worked as a lumberjack off and on till last year, when he

enrolled in the University to carry six hours. He worked a full shift as one of the three janitors in Eugene high school, tending the heating system and sweeping some 40 rooms every night.

Moon still works nearly 60 hours a week but can do much of his studying while on duty. He says that the work is interesting and as soon as he got used to sleeping a split shift, his schedule worked out very well.

(Please turn to page three)

Nuf Sed

By CHARLES POLITZ

Whiskerino is over, and nothing but a success (to the barbers anyway). Everyone was there but Hirohito. And he only missed it 'cause he couldn't find a date.

Really can't account for the tremendous crowd. Funny though, that little man who went around asking "which one is Ziggy Elman"?

The Igloo floor was waxed for Sonia Henie's next picture.

The love bug has been working day, swing, and graveyard as of late.

Last year's Sigma Chi sweetheart, Kappa Janie Williams, is slated for the hitchin' post come November next week. One of Uncle Sam's ensigns draws the lucky number. Oh, for our old boy scout uniform.

Seven Kappas (count 'em) are slated to coo "I do" next month. They have just wired IBM for a comptometer to calculate the overflow.

The Thetas weren't to be caught snoozin' at the starting gate either. Beth Parks took D. Jimmy Mayes' pin, Sue Sawyer did likewise with fraternity brother Bill Cox's brass, Phyllis van Petten, of the V for Wow hairdo, spliced jewelry with ATeeOh Paul Moore. Jean Schuler announced her engagement to ex-Phi Delt Walker Treece and left school before her breakage fee could be computed. Swish.

"Puppy Dog" Lyon has planted Betah brass on A Chi Oh Mary Arkley.

Chi Omega hits the engagement jackpot thrice: Helen Crites to John Nelson, Helen Ann Huggins to Sid Boyce, and Virginia Steele to Carl Howe. Virginia has already left school to study "kitchen aerodynamics."

The Gamma Phis have been spending their spare time hypnotizing pledges; sticking pins in them, and working geometry problems on "wigie" boards. They even had one believing she was a Phi Beta Kappa. Holy yoga.

The A Dee Pies seem to have a monopoly on the football situation what with the Dick Ashcom and Deborah Tumy Combo, "Scrapper" Rhea and Barbara Bentley, and the Bill Davis-Jean Villair twosome. The four-ton trio had dinner at the house once last week. Pledges have been on enforced starvation diet ever since.

All those wanting to sign up for the new course in "How to Eat Hamburgers on the Dead Run" please consult Ermenie Batley and Bob Linde.

As to new courses, Roy Paul Nelson is starting his Ph.D. seminar in Key Chain Swinging—5th floor of the Student Union building. Open to Phi Delt only.

University really showed a lot in entertaining the Idaho grid-ders Saturday night what with Whiskerino et al. They spent the evening at the Holland.

Prize remark on the Woo and Win Front: "She can't dance. She can't play bridge, and I wouldn't marry her if she wasn't making \$150 a month."

Mary Spiller's redhaid dynamo, Gloria Malloy, shows a mighty lot on those Friday night KOAC shots.

Order of the Buttered Artichoke: this week—Mick Riley, Felix Asla, Jane Partipilo. Friendship is not dead—it is rumored.

Nuf sed.